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RULES

1. The quotations are to be identified by reference to author, work and, where appropriate, line number or number of chapter, act or scene. Ten marks are given for each answer with full references. Incomplete answers and guesses will receive marks on their merits. Extra marks will be given for answers found only by one or two competitors; also for exceptionally good answers, at the Editor's discretion.

2. The prizes are book tokens of amounts dictated by the modest budget of the Almanac (this year these are £50, £40 and £30). No competitor can take a first prize two years running, or any prize at all in the fourth year, after three years running.

3. Answers are to be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper only, leaving a margin for marks on the right-hand side. Full name and address are to be written on the first page. The entry, accompanied by the coupon above should reach the Editor not later than September 1st of the year on the cover. Please mark your envelope "Nemo".

4. If a reasonably sized stamped addressed envelope is enclosed entries will be returned with an answer-sheet.

5. A pseudonym may be used, but prizewinners' names will be published.

6. No author is quoted more than once. No extract is in translation.

7. The Editor's decision is final in every case.

JANUARY

1
'God always hated Cain' ...He bowed his head—
The gaunt wild man whose lovely sons were dead

2
Howl, Cain, jackal afraid
And nowhere, Cain, nowhere,
Escape the fear of what men fear in you.
Every man's hand will be against you,
But never touch you into quietness.
Run! Run!

3
There soon I found
My restless home, my heaven, my hell, my ground,
And that to these allegiance I might vow,
Took quick the bloody sign upon my brow,
Fell Edenwards in innocent Abel slain
And rose twice-armoured in the flesh of Cain.

4
Later Cain killed his brother
For business reasons.
'You see?' his parents said,
'We told you so.'

5
Then Abel saw it meant the life;
But, in those days, there was no Knife:
So he up with his big bull-goad instead,
But—Cain hit first and dropped him dead!

6
And the beavers building Babel
Beneath each tree's thin beard,
Said, 'Is it Cain and Abel
Fighting again we heard?'

FEBRUARY

1

At length we rose up from this ease
Of tranquil happy mind,
And searched the garden's little length
A fresh plesaunce to find;
And there, some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging high
Did rest the tired eye.

2

Nay, more than this, I have a garden plot,
Wherein there wants not herbs, nor roots, nor flowers,—
Flowers to smell, roots to eat, herbs for the pot,—
And dainty shelters where the welkin lours:
Sweet smelling beds of lilies and of roses,
Which rosemary banks and lavenders encloses.

3

This morning, after having been mulcted as usual, we dispatched a servant with proper acknowledgements of the lady's goodness; but confined our wants entirely to the productions of her garden. He soon returned, in company with the gardener, both richly laden with almost every particular which a garden at this most fruitful time of the year produces.

4

In the garden (it was always a garden)
there is the punishment of remembrance.
I pray you, love, remember.

5

When the boughs of the garden hang heavy with rain
And the blackbird reneweth his song,
And the thunder departing yet rolleth again,
I remember the ending of wrong.

6

A rose as fair as ever saw the north,
Grew in a little garden all alone;
A sweeter flower did nature ne'er put forth
No fairer garden yet was never known.

MARCH

1
Thunder and lightning hardly ever upset me;
not now, not then, like from school when I took
the longer, lonelier way back through the woods
in those startling, bottle-green afternoons.

2
If the cloud be thin and the materials weak, the eruption is languid, ending in coruscations and flashes without noise, although but at the distance of two miles, which is esteemed the remotest distance of clouds. And therefore such lightnings do seldom any harm

3
A passing glance, a lightning 'long the skies,
That, ush'ring thunder, dies straight to our sight;
A spark, of contraries which doth arise,
Then drowns in the huge depths of day and night

4
But with sharp crack and rumbling roll on roll
So quick the lightning came and went
The solid rock was like a lighted tent.

5
A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear, and short. G—— felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

6
Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.

APRIL

1
A photograph can't speak or move its face,
And so the ones we find in frames and books
Seem like the real faces of you and me
Now we no longer like each other's looks

2
She spreads them out and shows them one by one,
Their photographs of Paris, how they lean
From left to right beneath a tilting sun,
So near the edge it could be me or you
Surrendering the foreground to the scene,
And poised as if to demonstrate the view.

3
The way in is to pause and look again, look back
  And ask what would it be without the photographs?

Bare-throated profile with the tumbled bright young hair,
  Full face with shining eyes, and the rose-leaf and gold
Granted by our complaisance to the monochrome

4
The celluloid of a photograph holds them well,—
Six young men, familiar to their friends.
Four decades that have faded and ochre-tinged
This photograph have not wrinkled the faces or the hands.

5
A small, unsmiling child,
Held upon her shoulder,
Stares from the photograph
Slightly out of kilter.
It slipped from a loaded folder
Where the income tax was filed.
The light seems cut in half
By a glum, October filter.

6
The Lord has repossessed what he has given
And one hour later, in a restaurant, I
Who am thirty-five, and Benny who is seven
(Or eight — I can't remember) starts to cry,
But softly, holding photographs to hold you by.

MAY

1
Only then at last in the moment ordained
By cast of beauty, the swans come: silverly skeined
Above the water's deepened animation,
Their hard unplaceable distant susurrus of wings
Mixing most gently with the sun-sifted birches'
Light behaviour and the childish wind's agility.

2
With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,
Come softly swimming down along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see:

3
They mowed the lake in tapestry,

Passing in regal exhaustion by us,
King, queen and cygnets, one by one.

4
These dank weeds are also
Part and plumage of the magnolia-flowering swan.
He puts forth these too—
Leaves of ridged and bitter ivy
Sooted in towns, coal-bright with rain.

5
You whistling swans, your flapping flight,
A huge-formed arrow head of white
Over and down the horizon's dip,
Taught me the law of leadership.

6
O Thou that sheperdest the waddling geese
  Upon the flowery banks of Helicon,
Bid the hoarse gabble, the upbraiding, cease,
        And guide Thy flock to see
        How lonely and leisurely
Sails on this sunny river the young swan.

JUNE

1
She handed him his cup of tea with the proud air of an unwilling slave;
but her eye caught the moment when he was ready for another cup;
and he almost longed to ask her to do for him what he saw her
compelled to do for her father, who took her little finger and thumb in
his masculine hand, and made them serve as sugar-tongs.

2
Venus her myrtle, Phoebus has his bays:
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.

3
'Oh, you must stay for a cup of tea,' said Annie, shifting and scraping the
chairs away from the table so that nobody could move and Mrs. Williams was
hemmed in fast with her bosom and her rings and her bag, opening the china
cupboard, upsetting the Bible on the floor, picking it up, dusting it hurriedly
with her sleeve.

4
It was Jack Float, who in the end brought boiled water, borrowed from the
next platoon-right, tepid with carrying; so that after all after a fashion, they
drank their morning tea.

5
Teacups tinkle china nectar
Blessed bloodless by the Rector.
Aunt Melinda, is it right
Always to be this polite?
Can't I hiss beneath my breath
Some impertinence to death?

6
Hunger and "Tea's made!" from below brought me down to the cabin, where
I found breakfast laid out on the table over the centre-board case, with
D_____ earnestly presiding, rather flushed as to the face, and sooty as to the
fingers. There was a slight shortage of plates and crockery, but I praised the
bacon and could do so truthfully.

JULY

1
Strolling, I yammered metaphysics with Abramowitz,
a jaundice-yellow ('it's really tan')
and fly-weight pacifist,
so vegetarian,
he wore rope shoes and preferred fallen fruit.

2
In the vegetarian guest-house
All was frolic, feast and fun,
Eager voices were enquiring
'Are the nettle cutlets done?'

3
'O stretch your hands across the sea,'
  The impassioned lover cries,
'Stretch them towards your harm and me,
Our grass is green, and sensual our brief bed,
The stream sings at its foot, and at its head
The mild and vegetarian beasts are fed.'

4
I have a friend, a vegetarian seer,
By name Elias Baptist Butterworth,
A harmless, bland, disinterested man,

5
If I went vegetarian
And didn't eat lambs for dinner,
I think I'd be a better person
And also thinner.

6
If you have only one parent alive
Which would you choose? If they are both
Dead do you think they would like you
As you are now filling in this form
In the private room. Was your father
Ever a member of the Communist Party?
Was he ever a vegetarian or helped
To fix the acoustics of the Albert Hall?

AUGUST

1
What a girl called 'the dailiness of life'
(Adding an errand to your errand. Saying,
'Since you're up...' Making you a means to
A means to a means to) is well water
Pumped from an old well at the bottom of the world.

2
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Further down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

3
We loosen the coping-stone that has sealed for years
  The mid-field well. We slide-off this roof
That has taken root. We cannot tell
  How the single, pale tendril of ivy
Has trailed inside nor where
  In the dark it ends. Past the dark
A small, clear mirror sends
  Our images back to us,

4
The branches of the date-palms look like files.
The cobbled courtyard, where the Well is dry,
Is like a diagram, the brickwork conduits
Are vast and obvious,

5
                Being with her
Was intimate and helpful, like a cure
You didn't notice happening. When I read
A poem with Keenan's well in it, she said,
'I can see the sky at the bottom of it now.'

6
It was not always a dry well.
Once it had been brimming with water,
cool, limpid, delicious water,
but a man came and took water from the well
and a woman came and took water from the well.

SEPTEMBER

1
The canvas bowl into which Wheeler poured water for me has shifted in its *gimbals* and now lies at a slight angle.

Our anchor has been plucked out of the sand and gravel of Old England. I shall have no connection with my native soil for three, or it may be four or five, years. I own that even with the prospect of interesting and advantageous employment before me it is a solemn thought.

2
My oars broken and my tackling lost,
Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;
Nor stern nor anchor have our maimed fleet;
Our masts the furious winds struck overboard;

3
"There, lass," cried a broad-shouldered jack-tar, giving the fluke of the anchor a hearty slap with his hand after the housing was completed—"there, lass, take a good nap now, for we shan't ask you to kiss the mud again for many a long day to come!"

And so it was. That anchor did not "kiss the mud" for many long days afterwards; and when at last it did, it was for the last time!

4
And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows load,
While, armed from every danger and in grim array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting for they prey;
The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
Which, on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts 'hurraw!'

5
The anchor dropp'd; it lay along the deep,
Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
While round it swarm'd the proas' flitting chain,
Like summer bees that hum around his mane.

6
Like Philoctete's wound, this language carries its cure,
its radiant affliction; reluctantly now,
Like Achille's, my craft slips the chain of its anchor

OCTOBER

1
O bright Apollo,
τῦν΄ ἄνδρα, τίν ἥρωα, τίνα θεόν,
What god, man, or hero
Shall I place a tin wreath upon!

2
poor Jan de Boek, their soft-hearted handyman
from Pompmolen, blubbered helplessly *Ik verzoeke jou,*
geliefd' Margareta, kom uit'n de water, thinking her
no doubt his beloved sister, vanished these dozen years.

3
The father watches me
from his dark door.
He shakes his head,
And takes me by the hand:
Blessa Þú, elskan, blessa Þú!

4
'Tá an lá go breá!' 'You have the Irish well.
An bhufuil souvenirs uait? Here I have
Souvenirs my own hands made, from shells
Found westward on the Aran beaches,
Not on this island only, but as well
On Inishmeán and Inishmore.'

5
Tomorrow, a legionary,
they'll have you building roads.
Clause by clause you'll sweat
to span counties, withstand armies.
Pack the stones tight and straight.
Don't stop to pick flowers.
Milites progressi urbum ceperunt.

6
La situation est grim
The mise-en-scène a trifle burle.
À chaleur disons donc: 'Ta gueule!'
And keep ourselves amused and slim.

NOVEMBER

1
I have peeled a round turnip
And I pray the Lord
To preserve those nine hundred and ninety-nine innocents.

2
The turnips, upon this farm, are by no means good; but I was in some measure compensated for the bad turnips by the sight of the duke's turnip-hoers, about a dozen females, amongst whom there were several very pretty girls, and they were as merry as larks.

3
A neep is a turnip. So what?
Pasternak is a parsnip. Some of the most creative
English people have had names like Bacon,
Lamb, Hogg: Keats was in love
with a girl called Brawne, and even Hazlitt
is a cheap kind of cooked meat.

4
Where's *Troy,* and where's the *May-Pole* in the *Strand?*
Pease, Cabbages, and Turnips once grew, where
Now stands new *Bond-street* and a newer Square;
Such Piles of Buildings now rise up and down,
London itself seems going out of *Town*.

5
'Twas a blithe prince exchang'd five hundred crowns
For a fair turnip—dig, dig on, O clowns!—

6
the poor folk, lacking fine decorations,
Offer the first-fruits of their various toils:
Not only fruit and blossom of the fields,
Ripe corn and poppies, scabious, marguerites,
Melons and marrows, carrots and potatoes,
And pale round turnips

DECEMBER

1
Bells overbrim with sound
And spread from cupolas
Out through the shaking air
Endless unbreaking circles
Cool and clear as water.

2
If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

3
The gentle fingers are touching to pray
Which crumple and straighten for Death.
These cold breezes
Carry the bells away on the air,
Stuttering tales of Gothic

4
The slow grey bells they rung a chime
Surly with grief or age.
Clever or clumsy, lad or lout,
All would look for a wage.

5
The carol blithe and dancing gay
No longer claim the holiday;
But time a doleful story tells,
The bell-rope breaks, and cracks the bells—
    The bells that did so cheerly ring,
    With heigh down, ho down, ding dong ding.

6
The grateful rounds amuse the traveller;
The peals from distance die upon the ear.
Homeward he tends; scarce lodg'd at ease, he tells
How charmed the ways, with starlight and with bells.

Answers to Nemo's Almanac 2009

COVER: Samuel Rowlands: The Poetaster

JANUARY
1 Leigh Hunt: Essay: Mr. Charles Kemble
2 Spender: The Fates
3 Lamb: The Essays of Elia; My First Play
4 W. Stevens: Of Modern Poetry
5 Thomas Heywood: The Author to His Book
6 Robert Lloyd: The Actor

FEBRUARY
1 Caroline Bowles/Southey: The Birthday Book II.
2 Updike: Chloe's Poem
3 J. K. Stephen: Parker's Piece, May 19, 1891
4 Thomas D'Urfey: Chloe Divine
5 Swift: Strephon and Chloe ll. 105-110
6 George Granville: Cloe

MARCH
1 Francis Quarles: Divine Fancies I lxxvii
2 Auden: For the Time Being - The Annunciation II
3 Oliver Reynolds: Theme and Variations
4 H. G. Wells: The History of Mr. Polly Chap. VII The Little Shop at Fishbourne
5 John Maclaurin: Elegy v. 11
6 Allingham: Lovely Mary Donnelly

APRIL
1 Penelope Shuttle: Glassman 4
2 Mervyn Peake: The Glassblowers
3 Frost: A Fountain, a Bottle, A Donkey's Ears and Some Books
4 Brooke: Song of the Children in Heaven
5 Anne Stevenson: The Television and the Nightingale
6 Les Murray: Words of the Glassblowers

MAY
1 Congreve: The Way of the World Act V sc. V.
2 D. M. Black: The Black Judge's Daydream
3 Dorothy Sayers: Strong Poison Chap 1
4 W. S. Gilbert: The Bab Ballads: Damon v. Pythias
5 George Eliot: Adam Bede Chap XLIII The Verdict.
6 Herbert: Jacula Prudentum

JUNE
1 Thomas Otway: Venice Preserved Act III sc. i.
2 Robert Duncan: Poem Beginning with a line by Pindar
3 Edwin Morgan: The Computer's First Dialect Poems 1.The Furze Kidder's Bating
4 Beckett: Watt III
5 Glyn Maxwell: Video Tales of a Patriot
6 Huxley: Point Counter Point Chap. 33

JULY
1 Smollett: Humphry Clinker, final letter.
2 Edwin Brock: Turn the Key Deftly
3 Farquhar: The Beaux-Stratagem Act II sc i
4 Sheridan: The Rivals I.ii
5 F. Pratt Green: The Old Couple
6 Dickens: Sketches by Boz: The Loving Couple

AUGUST
1 P. Muldoon: The Outhouse (Moy Sand and Gravel)
2 Ted Walker: A Celebration for Autumn
3 Peter Scupham: Calendarium: Augustus
4 Dorothy Wordsworth: The Grasmere Journals, August 1802
5 Drayton: A Hymne to his Ladies Birth-place
6 Patricia Beer: January to December

SEPTEMBER
1 Thomas L. Peacock: Melincourt, Chap XVI, The Symposium
2 Longfellow: Catawba Wine
3 Charles Cotton: Anacreontick
4 Keats: The Cap and Bells XLVII
5 T. F. Powys: Mr. Weston's Good Wine Chap.
6 Edmund Blunden: As Boswell Records

OCTOBER
1 Christina Rossetti: A Dumb Friend
2 Michael Hamburger: Oak
3 R. L. Stevenson: Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes. In the Valley of the Tarn
4 Edward Thomas: Aspens
5 Matthew Green: The Spleen
6 Chaucer: The Romaunt of the Rose 1383-1386

NOVEMBER
1 Crane: The Return
2 Tom Paulin: Dawros Parish Church (Peng. Contemp. Poetry has 'sea' not 'ocean')
3 James Elroy Flecker: The Welsh Sea
4 Gogarty: Ringsend
5 Bryan Waller Procter: The Sea
6 G. M. Hopkins: The Sea and the Skylark

DECEMBER
1 John Holloway: Warning to a Guest
2 Gissing: New Grub Street, Chap. 8: To the Winning Side
3 MacCaig: Fog at Dusk
4 Douglas Dunn: Winter Orchard
5 Weldon Kees: Place of Execution, 4
6 Masefield: Dauber VI

Marks and Prizes 2009

730 G. Ingli James
730 Brian Jordan
730 Susanne Woodman and Phillip Hearsum
730 J.A Taylor
730 Ann Langton & Cicely Herbert
730 Jenny Naish
730 Ian Patterson

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720 Pamela Thompson
720 Christies and Jarvises
720 Angela Carpenter and Alison Tomkins
720 Tricia Irish
720 Caroline Heal

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715 Alison Sheehan-Hunt

---

711 Pearl Valentine
710 Judith Neal and Adam Pothecary
710 David/Barbara Robinson
700 S J. Bird
700 Barbara Britton
700 G. Leversha
695 Phil Marsden/Joe Bain
695 Ben Vizoskie
670 Gli Amici
650 Alan Hollinghurst
640 Irene Woodhead
640 Gabriel Baugniet
639 S.A.Osborn and family.
610 Mary Milne-Day, Sara Price and Anne Willitts
600 Janet Woodhead
600 D.V. Buckley
590 June Walker
590 Peter and Pat Green
580 G. Capel
580 Hughes trio and Angela Buckley
571 Jo and Jan Lampen
570 W.A. Kyle
570 Patricia Hodgart

570 Mike and Penny Pattinson
555 Peggy-Ann/Stuart Monroe
555 Richard Gaston
551 Rosemary Johnson
550 Davie Dolan Junior
525 Michael and Caroline Greet
524 The Mossfield Gang
520 Hancock, Dowse, Burton-Page
520 Kenneth Thornton
515 Florence Yarwood
515 Val Marshall-George
490 P.J.Pearce
485 Richard and Margot Walker
420 Jan Lawrie
420 Rosemary Scott/Alison Walker
411 Pauline Jameson
200 R. Bolton
160 Olga Easy

Remarks

More and more, those of us (we few, we happy few) who compile these competitions are head-scratching about the Internet and how to avoid it making things terribly easy. Nothing doing; sorry. Or at least I'm afraid there's nothing I can do. You can avoid it, of course; but none of us expects you to and, after all, why should you? It's a competition, and the best way to come up at the top of the list is to go to whichever source is likely to lead you there. There's nothing I can do about it and, if you look at this year's scores, you will see that more than a few have almost certainly found the answers on the Net, IT, Web – call it what you will. So, here in your hands is my fourth essay in the medium. Do what suits you best and refrain, please, from criticism. Chacun á son gout. As Brian Jordan wrote late last year along with his perfect entry:
'A move towards more obscure authors, juvenilia, or the marginalia I noticed in one of the first almanacs I saw is probably not welcome. The Internet can obviously not be uninvented and you have no practical way of determining how competitors have arrived at their answers. Does it actually matter? The egalitarian in me says 'No', but I see the point of Nemo traditionalists.'

Yup. So do I. Do as you feel you must.

Nothing this year merited extra points I'm afraid. No Shakespeare this time, as more than a few noted with a touch of dismay. Many of you indeed appended fascinating personal reminiscences on this or that, but nothing so brilliant as to warrant my pushing the scores up and finding a wondrous overall winner from the top scorers. So, the first second and third prize is shared by seven people: sorry to the rest, but keep going. Who knows what will happen this year? Not I.

The most difficult, probably, was the Paul Muldoon which is from his new(ish) collection 'Moy Sand and Gravel'. Most of you were fooled, but enough were not in the least bit bothered by my Nemoniac neologisms. Fine, fine! Back we go to new books and new poems; back we go to Names and Ideas and Principles and let's see what happens this time shall we?

I wish I could help you with libraries and the many problems they could solve for you; they are important, quiet, useful places for thought and research. So many of you bewailed the actual loss (or impending loss) of your local library that one would think something must be able to be done, something must be salvaged, mustn't it? Yes, of course; but all I can suggest is that you should write, very loudly, to your MP, to the man or woman who can stand up and shout something in the House that people will actually listen to. There's nothing at all that I can do from here, especially while they are still trying to fob us off with a little white van in the rugby car-park (every so often) as they try to work out what to do for us here in Pocklington…MPs do only

what you expect them to do, and unless you tell them what you want they aren't going to come and knock on your door.

Anything special, remarkable, onerous, discomposing this year? Well, not really. I hope you have fun with October's various languages and, yes, I think 5 should be 'urbem' too, but it says 'urbum' in my book, so that's what has been printed. What does it say in yours?

Lots of letters from you slup and flip onto my kitchen tiles while I sleep on (and on) upstairs. Some of you may even find an answer winging towards you, but don't expect it: far more people take the almanac than send in any answers and to write back to everyone would be a hard task. Take it from me that what you say is appreciated and any suggestions are always carefully thought about. By the time you have read this, there will have been a programme on R3 which will include a discussion about Nemo. Some of you may well hear it and enjoy it. I hope this will inspire at least a few more people to join our ranks and spend about nine months ferreting and rabbiting and whatever else we do. If it doesn't have that effect, then next year will be the last at £2.50 even though hardly anybody pays this minimum. What difference will it make? I don't know. Let's wait and see.

Meanwhile there is work to be done....

Notices

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'It is rude,' remarked the Hatter, 'to read at the table. Have you solved my riddle?'

'Yes,' replied Alice. 'A raven is like writing desk because they were both written on by Poe. Now you solve some of these.' She handed him a slim pamphlet entitled Nemo's Almanac..

The Hatter rubbed it in the butter, dipped it in the tea and slapped the dormouse with it. 'What you need,' he said to Alice as he flipped through the pages, 'is a raw carrot and two hundred boxes of matches.'

'Will that help to find the answers?' asked Alice.

'You can build a model of Salisbury cathedral while you're thinking,' said the Hatter.

'Wells,' murmured the dormouse, choosing a page at random. 'I know about wells.' It fell asleep.

'And I know about Tea and Turnips,' said the Hatter, 'and the March Hare is a vegetarian but Vegetarians come in July and he won't be so mad then.'

'Do you have to be mad to do the Almanac?' asked the March Hare.

'Just a little,' said Alice. 'Or have time on your hands.'

'I have him in my pocket,' said the Hatter bringing out his watch and smearing it with honey. 'What about Cain and Abel? Gardens, Bells, Anchors, Photographs? And all these languages in October!'

'It's a riddle,' sighed Alice. 'Seventy-three riddles.'

'And you found the wrong answer to mine,' said the Hatter. 'A raven is like a writing desk because…'

'Because,' said the dormouse sleepily from the teapot, 'neither of them is made of Roquefort cheese.'

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